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VOL. I.

BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1900.

NO. 38.

THE CITIZEN

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General News.

Wm. Hunt, an old and well known resident of Madison county, died February 25th.

The only class of business men who ought to be opposed to the Anti-Cigarette Bill are the undertakers.

It is said that a guard has been stationed at Waco to prevent the spread of "that 'ar' ruption" prevalent in that neighborhood.

Prof. Freer, professor of chemistry in the University of Michigan, will deliver a lecture on liquid air at Louisville, March 9th. The railroads will give reduced rates from Richmond.

Ice is said to be a scarce commodity in Switzerland and sold in extremely small quantities. When it comes to refrigeration the Yankee leads the world, and is ready to furnish machines to make the Alps trimmed with glaciers.—Ex.

REUNION.

A reunion of the Veterans of the Spanish-American war will be held at Lincoln Hall, Berea, Ky., on Saturday, Mar. 17. All soldiers of the said war are cordially invited to attend. A program will be rendered and Santiago Coffee and San Juan Hard-tack will be furnished by Post No. 1, of the V. S. A. W. Prof. L. V. Dodge will address the Reunion. Come, boys, and be with us; we expect to have a rousing good time.

T. T. SIMMONS,
Post Commander, Berea, Ky.

"Caste in the Churches."

The following was prepared for the Christian Evangelist and will appear there, but some of our patrons request that it appear in the CITIZEN.

In a recent number of the Christian Evangelist I see an article from a brother in Virginia on the subject of "Caste in the Churches"—the spirit and practice that consigns the man with "horny hands and plain dress" to a separate or inferior place in the church. This, our brother says, is contrary to the spirit and letter of the gospel. He fortifies his position by a pertinent quotation from James II, 1-9, showing that this "respect of persons" because of dress or position in society is plainly forbidden by the spirit and letter of the gospel, and is a great hindrance to the multitudes who would otherwise come into the churches and hear the word of life.

He might have added that this spirit and practice of caste is not only contrary to the teaching of the gospel but a great sin against humanity, and is the great crime of heathenism. Perhaps no one thing in heathenism is productive of so much misery and wretchedness as consigning widows, notably child widows, by the million to lifelong degradation and wretchedness because of the mere accident of being widows; in which there is no crime—no more invidious than in faithfulness to humanity and to the gospel of Christ, let me in kindness ask: is there not in the schools and churches of our land this same spirit and practice of caste seen in heathenism? Is it not, in the sight of God, as great a crime to consign an unoffending, meritorious young man or woman to a separate or inferior place in a school room or church-house because of the mere incident of "color"—"a drop of African blood in their veins," as to consign a meritorious man or woman to a different or inferior place in the churches because of the incident of "horny hands or plain dress?"

Again let me ask, is not this spirit and practice of caste *smaller* and *silly* as seen in the eye of an assembled world? Let us amplify the thought by supposing a Mongolian, with his "gold ring and gay clothing" saying, "I will not extend social kindness or civil courtesy to a man or woman, however meritorious, if he or she has a drop of Caucasian, Indian, or Malayan blood in his or her veins."—how small, how silly.

Again, how unfraternal in the light of God's word, which says, "God has made of one blood all nations of men"—"Ye are the mother of us all."

Again this spirit of caste is not only vain, silly, unfraternal, but is *intensely cruel*. For me to tolerate the body of an unoffending man or woman would be cruel—wicked. But to so act as to tolerate the spirit—crush the aspirations of a noble young man or woman seeking to fit himself or herself for some post of usefulness in civil society or in the church, the body of Christ, would be far more cruel and wicked, for what we do to one member of the body of Christ we do to him.

Once more let me say, and what is true, the "Jim Crow" car finds much of its sanction in the proscription of the caste schools and churches. Yes, more, much of the lynching and many other forms of lawlessness in our land have their animus in the proscription of the schools and churches—the latter are generators of public sentiment. Our Lord came to save; and that by the law of love—that love that saves from the last remains of selfishness. To this end he gave his life—a continuous offering of love and social kindness. On one occasion he sat down and ate with publicans and sinners. The Pharisees found fault with him for so doing, quoting from one of the prophets, he said, "Go learn what that meaneth."

"I will have mercy and not sacrifice." As seen in the context the mercy referred to was social kindness to a proscribed class. This is the lesson which all true disciples need to learn and practice. Such disciples will be true lights in the world—Christlike.

JOHN G. FEE,
Berea, Ky., Feb. 3rd, 1900.

Locals and Personals.

Will Clift was in Richmond Monday.

Henry German returned to Berea Monday.

The little daughter of Nathan Welch is ill.

Calender Blotters at the Printing Office. Free.

Miss Louise Yocum was ill a day or so last week.

Pads, Pencils, Blank Books, Erasers, etc., at the Printing Office.

C. H. Burdette and A. S. Mann went in Richmond last Saturday.

Big Pad and fine pencil for 5 cents, at the Printing-office.

Fine Correspondence Papers at wholesale price, at the Printing Office.

Miss Haley is slowly recovering her health from a severe attack of paralysis.

S. F. Lucas, traveling for Streater Bros., of Louisville, was in our city last week.

Miss Pattie Turner, of Kirksville, an old student, is with us attending the closing exercises.

David D. White, of Peytontown, visited his sister, Miss Mary White, Monday of last week.

Mrs. Tom Hurst, formerly Miss Mahaffy of Berea, died at her home in Richmond, last Saturday.

R. B. Woodford, who has been working on the Kentucky Standard at Louisville, arrived here yesterday.

Photo-library Paste in 5 cents jars at the Printing Office. Better than MUSCILAGE for household purposes.

We are glad to note that Miss Thompson, of the Faculty, is regaining her health after several days illness.

John Richardson, of Illinois, and Tobe Richardson, who has been in the standing army, arrived home last week on a visit.

Bert Gabbard, Walter Hill, Green Gabbard, Jr., and Al. Williams left Berea Saturday morning for Painesville, O., where they will engage in farming.

Jas. M. Racer has surely had his share of boils this winter. He is now confined to his room and will probably not be able to take part in the program to night.

The results of an over-indulgence in food or drink are promptly rectified, without pain or discomfort, by taking a few doses of HERBINE. Price 50 cents. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Mr. Thomas Poff and Miss Ethel Todd, and Mr. Thomas Powell and Miss Fannie Todd were the principals in a double wedding at the residence of the brides' father, W. H. Todd, last Tuesday.

J. L. Dudley, of Pinckard, and daughter, Mrs. Studie Turner, of Brannon, were the guests of Mr. Dudley's daughter, Miss Mattie Dudley, who is in school here, several days last and this week.

Dr. Davis was taking care of a smallpox patient in Dreyfus Saturday. Henry Morton, of that vicinity, has a severe attack and his recovery is doubtful. Several others were exposed before they knew the nature of the disease.

Dr. E. B. McCoy and family leave this week for their former home at Greensburg, Ind., on account of the sickness of home folks. The Doctor will return in about a week, while Mrs. McCoy and children will remain a few weeks.

Miss Margaret E. Dennis, of Richmond Ind., visited Berea last week. Miss Dennis is Superintendent of the Normal Department of the Richmond school and came to study Berea College work. She found in Mrs. Putnam, a former associate teacher at Columbus, O.

The lectures of Dr. A. D. Mayo, in spite of the crowded last week of the term have had audiences, attention, and interest. The Doctor draws from wide experience and careful study lessons both instructive and entertaining. No one listened for an hour without feeling enriched and inspired.

Mrs. Lizzie Harper, resigned her position as matron of the Colored Orphans' Home, at Lexington, recently. A. W. Titus and wife, of this city, have been offered the positions of Superintendent and Matron of the same institution, but have not decided, as yet, whether they will accept or not.

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Rev. W. A. A. Harris, of Hustonville, was in our city Wednesday and Thursday visiting his wife, who is in school here.

Miss Sarah Caldwell of Troy, arrived yesterday. She is visiting her cousin Miss Sofia Caldwell who is a student in school here.

Prof. L. V. Dodge and wife go to Cumberland Gap for a short visit during the vacation. The Professor is engaged to deliver his lecture on President Garfield there on Friday night, March 9th.

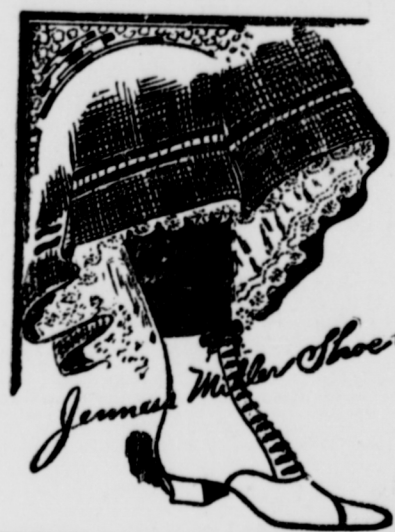
Chas. Twitchell, a former student of Berea, and now of Orland, Ind., is the author of the following:—

MARCH.
Rain and fog, and sleet and snow;
Freeze and thaw, shine and blow;
Warm as summer;
Cold as winter;
Bright as spring-time;
Dark as autumn;
Mud and ruts and dust and—Oh,
What were March-without these; though?

The failure of Prof. Favour to arrive here last Friday night was a keen disappointment to our people, but this has been relieved somewhat by the announcement that the lecturer will be here Monday, March 19. The delay was caused by failure to make connections on the railroad. The lecture, which is on electricity, will be interesting and instructive, and the delay will give those who have not done so, time to make up their minds to attend.

The printing-office is in receipt of a very interesting letter from T. G. Pasco this week. He arrived at Madison just in time to secure a better position than he had been promised. On his way he stopped in Chicago a week ago last Sunday and sang with Ira B. Penniman's choir at the First Congregational Church, where there were eight Berea people. Ted. can be addressed at 334 W. Main St., Madison, Wis.

C. R. Adams is in our city trying to get up a physical culture class, and it may be that he will make arrangements with the Faculty of the College to have regular classes among the students. The following is from the Pantagraph: "Prof. and Mrs. C. R. Adams closed a most successful term in physical education at the Masonic Temple last Friday night. Quite a number of the ladies and gentlemen took advantage of the course and all speak in the highest terms of the work. Mr. and Mrs. Adams will organize classes in different towns of the state before returning to Illinois."



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E. B. McCOY, Dentist, Berea, Kentucky. 6-28-00

THE CITIZEN.

T. G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.

BEEBA. KENTUCKY

MARCH—1900.

Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.
...	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Every Boer who is able to carry a gun is fighting in the Transvaal. In a recent battle a Boer boy only 12 years old was taken prisoner by the British. He had been in the thickest of the fight, and had both legs broken by a bullet.

Since the Rockefeller's share of the Standard Oil Company's dividends gives him an income of \$32,000,000 a year from that source alone, Mr. Carnegie's statement that the oil king is the richest man in the world still holds good, despite the remarks of Mr. Frick, which credit the iron king with only \$24,500,000 a year.

The Twentieth century will have about 380 eclipses, the solar being to the lunar in about the ratio of four to three. For the first time in any calendar year since 1823 the year 1935 will have seven eclipses, the largest possible number. The total solar eclipses visible in the United States will occur in 1918, 1923, 1925, 1945, 1954, 1979, 1984 and 1994.

Judge Brewer, of the United States supreme bench, is the author or rather the editor of a work embodying the great orations from Demosthenes down. He has incorporated Champ Clark's speech in eulogy of Frank Blair in the collection, and it is one of the richest in classic and historical allusion the American congress ever heard.

It is generally supposed that more men are killed by artillery than by infantry fire. This is a total erroneous notion, as from medical reports it would appear that the rifle is responsible for nearly 90 per cent. of the British killed. In the Franco-German war it was estimated that 6,989 Germans were killed by rifle bullets, and only 695 by artillery.

Japanese servants are more and more in demand every year in New York. They are looked upon as more capable than any other kind of domestic help. There is one serious objection to them. They lavish their politeness and courtesy on the masculine members of the household in which they are employed, and can not be induced to treat the women with respect.

For the current year it is prophesied the yield of the Bakou oil fields will pass 50,000,000 barrels. The petroleum yield of the United States for 1897 was 60,568,081 barrels. It is an interesting evidence of the different conditions in effect in the two great oil fields of the world that the yield in the United States was from many thousand wells, while that of the Bakou field all came from a few hundred.

Gen. Joubert's wife has repeatedly accompanied him in his campaign against marauding natives and on such occasions always insisted on personally caring for his food. While on a visit to Amsterdam Mrs. Joubert was shown an interesting collection of ancient powder in one of the museums. "Good material to make bullets," was her only comment.

One of the statutes which will be placed in Copley square in Boston is of Paul Revere on his famous midnight ride at the outbreak of the revolution. He is shown just as he has reined his horse to call to a farmer that the British are coming. Those who have seen the model say that the work is most lifelike; the horse preserves some of the momentum of his dash and is full of fire, while the figure of Revere shows the intense excitement of his wild journey.

Electricity is employed for guard duty in the Cincinnati Zoological garden. A fence of fine wire mesh about eight feet high surrounds an inclosure in which there are a number of fine game birds. It was found that rats, cats, etc., climbed over this, so that two copper wires were stretched all around the top of the fence about an inch and a half above it and some distance apart. At night the watchman turns on the electric current, which accomplishes remarkable results in killing predatory animals.

When the District of Columbia was first established it was ten miles square, and took in the city of Alexandria. After some years Virginia desired to have the part in that state receded, and the part of the square in that state was turned back to the jurisdiction of Virginia. Recently there has been shown a disposition to let part of the old territory in Virginia come back, possibly because the Government is likely to expend more money in improvements if it holds the territory than Virginia is ever likely to do.

PENITENTIAL HYMN.

¶ I have played upon my heart
The music of a lower art;
I have ever hoped to win
A pleasure from the smile of sin;
If ever I mistook the gleam
Of quiverings in a starless dream;
Or fondly hoped I might dispense
With spirit in the joy of sense;
Or slipped, or fallen, or gone astray,
Lead Thou the way, lead Thou the way.

Is I could ever yet despise
The tear-drops in two human eyes;
If ever once the voice of fame
Left me forgetful of Thy name;
If in the strife I ever tied
My heartstrings to the lower side;
Or in the thickest of the fight
Mistook the useful for the right;
Or wielded an ignoble sword,
Forgive, O Lord; forgive, O Lord.

If ever once have been my care
Mere trappings of Thine altar-stair;
If ever in a lovely face
Thy handiwork I failed to trace;
If I have doubted of the good
Which in the soul of womanhood;
Or judged a man by some small blot
Which Thou hast portioned to his lot;
Forget Thy law, or scorned Thy might,
Guide me aright, guide me aright.
—Joel Elias Spingarn, in Cosmopolitan.



[Copyright, 1899, by F. Tennyson Neely.]

CHAPTER I.

The little party of visitors in the general's personal tent made a striking contrast to that assembled under the official canvas. In the latter, seated on camp stools and candle boxes or braced against the tent poles, were nearly a dozen officers, all in the somber dark blue regulation uniform, several in riding boots and spurs, some even wearing the heavy, frogged overcoat; all but two, juniors of the staff, men who stood on the shady side of 40, four of the number wearing on their shoulders the silver stars of generals of division or brigade, and among their thinning crops of hair the silver strands that told of years of service. One man alone, the commanding general, was speaking; all the others listened in respectful silence. In the gloom of that late, fog-shrouded afternoon a lantern or two would have been welcome, but the conference had begun while it was still light enough for the chief to read the memoranda on his desk, and now he was talking without notes. In the array of grave, thoughtful faces, some actually somber and severe in expression, a smile would have seemed out of place, yet, all on a sudden, grim features relaxed, deepest eyes twinkled and glanced quickly about in search of kindred sympathetic spirits, and more than half the bearded faces broke down into a grin of merriment, and many heads were suddenly uplifted for just as the gray-haired chief ended an impressive period with the words: "It will be no laughing matter if I can lay hold of them," there burst upon the surprised ears of the group a peal of the merriest laughter imaginable—the rippling, joyous, musical laughter of happy girlhood mingling with the hearty, wholesome, if somewhat boyish, outburst of jollity of healthful youth.

"Merciful powers!" exclaimed the chief. "I have forgotten all about those people. They must have been here 20 minutes."

"Sixty-five, sir, by the watch," said a saturnine-looking soldier, tall and stalwart, and wearing the shield of the adjutant general's department on the collar of his snail coat.

"They ought to go, then," was the placid suggestion of a third officer, a man with keen eyes, thin, almost ascetic face, but whose twitched a quaint humor about the lines of his lips. "That visit's past the retiring age."

And then another peal of merriment from the adjoining tent put a stop to conversation.

"They don't lack for entertainers," hazarded a staff officer as soon as he could make himself heard. "The solemn-looking Gothamite who came with them must have slipped out."

"It seems he knows Col. Armstrong," said the chief, thoughtfully. "I sent for him an hour ago, and he may be piloting Mr. Prime around camp, looking up the runaway."

"Another case?" asked a brigade commander, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Another case," answered the general, with a sigh. "It isn't always home troubles that drive them to it. This boy had everything a dotting father could give him. What on earth could make him bolt and enlist for the war?"

No one answered for a moment. Then the officer with the humorous twinkle about the eyes and the twitch at the lip corners bent forward, placed his elbows on his knees, his fingers tip to tip, gazed dreamily at the floor, and sententiously said:

"Girl!" Whereupon his next neighbor, a stocky, thickest man in the uniform of a brigadier, never moving eye, head or hand, managed to bring a sizable foot in heavy riding boot almost savagely upon the slim gaiter of the humorist, who suddenly started and flushed to the temples, glanced quickly at the chief, and then as quickly back to the floor, his blue eyes clouded in genuine distress.

The general's gray face had seemed to grow grayer in the gloom. Again there came, like a rippling echo, the chorus of merry laughter from the adjoining tent, only it seemed a trifle subdued, possibly as though one or two of the merry-makers had joined less heartily. With sudden movement the general rose. "Well, I've kept you long enough," he said. "Let the three reg-

ments be got in readiness at once, but relax no effort in that other matter. Find the guilty parties if a possible thing."

And then the group dissolved. One or two of the number looked back, half hesitating, at the entrance of the tent, but the chief had turned again to the littered table before him, and, seating himself, rested his gray head in the hand nearest his visitors. It was as though he wished to conceal his face. One of the last to go—the thin-faced soldier with the twinkling blue eyes, hung irresolutely behind the chief a moment as though he had it in his mind to speak, then turned and fairly tip-toed out, leaving the camp commander to the society of a single staff officer, and to the gathering darkness.

"Kindly say to Mr. Prime, or his friends, that I will join them in a moment," said the former, presently, without so much as uplifting head or eye, and the aid-de-camp left as noiselessly as his predecessor, the humorist. But when he was gone and "The Chief" sat alone, the sound of merry chat and laughter still drifted in with the mist at the half-opened entrance. Shadowy forms flitted to and fro between the official tent and the lights beginning to twinkle at brigade headquarters across the wide roadway. An orderly scratched at the tent flap, but got no answer. The lone occupant sat well back in the gloomy interior and could barely be distinguished. The waiting soldier hesitated a moment, then entered and stamped once upon the wooden floor, then turned and noiselessly stepped out, for, anticipating his question, the general spoke:

"No light just yet, orderly. I'll call you—in a moment. Just close the tent."

At this hand, he needed no light to find it, lay a little packet that had been passed in to him with the mail while the council was still in session. It was stoutly wrapped, tightly corded, and profusely sealed, but with the sharp point of an eraser the general slit the fastenings, tore off the wrapper, and felt rather than saw that a bundle of letters, rolled in tissue paper and tied with ribbon, ribbon long since faded and wrinkled, lay within. This he carefully placed in a large-sized military letter envelope, moistened and pressed tight the gummed flap, stowed it in the inner pocket of the overcoat that hung at the rear tent pole, reduced the wrapper and its superscription to minute fragments, and dropped them into the waste-basket, all as carefully and methodically as though life knew neither hurry nor worry; then bowed his lined face in both hands a moment in utter silence and in unmistakable sadness. Presently his lips moved: "Can you look down and see that I have kept my word, Agnes?" he murmured. "God help me to find him and save him—yet."

Once again the laughter, the gay young voices, rang from the other tent. All over camp, far and near, from the limits of the park to the very slope of the height at the north, the evening bugles were calling by thousands the thronging soldiery to mess or roll call. Slowly the general rose, drew on his overcoat, and in another moment, under the sloping roof of his forage cap, with eyes that twinkled behind their glasses, with a genial smile softening every feature, his fine soldierly face peered in on the scene of light, of merriment and laughter under the canvas roof of the only home he knew in the world—the soldier home of one whose life had been spent following the flag through bivouac, camp or garrison, through many a march, battle and campaign all over the broad lands of the United States until now, at the hour when most men turned for the placid joys of the fireside, the love of devoted and faithful wife, the homage and affection of children, the prattle and play-ful sports of children's children—homeless, wifeless, childless, he stood at the border of the boundless sea, soldier duty pointing the way to far distant, unknown and undesired regions, content to follow that flag to the end of the world if need be, and owing no higher hope or ambition than to follow and uphold it to the end of his life.

There was nothing in such a face as his to put a check to fun and merriment, yet, all on a sudden, the laughter died away. Three young gallants in soldier garb sprang to their feet and faced him with appeal and explanation in their speaking eyes, although only one of their number found his tongue in time to put the matter into words. There were only two girls when the general left that tent to meet his officers at four o'clock and now there were four, and the four were having five-o'clock tea.

At least anyone would have said they were four blithe girls, innocent of graver responsibilities than social calls and dinner or dance engagements, for never looked four young women so free from the cares of this world than those who were picturesquely grouped about the general's camp table and under the brilliant reflector of the general's lamp; but the plain gold circlet on the slender finger of the merriest and noisiest and smallest of the four, and the fact that she had nothing to say to the senior of the four attendant officers except in the brief, indifferent tones of assured proprietorship, and very much to say to the other three, told a different story. The general's manner told none of its kindness, even though a close observer would have seen that his face lost a little of its light as he recognized in the evident leader of the revels and mistress of the situation the wife of his senior aid-de-camp. An hour before he thought her a thousand miles away—and so did her husband.

"Miss your dear old heart!" exclaimed the little lady, springing to her feet, facing him with indomitable smiles and thrusting forward two slender, white, bejeweled hands. "No—don't say you disapprove! Don't! Don't! Don't do anything but sit right down here and have a cup of your own delicious tea—(Frank, some better water)—that no one makes for you as I do—you've owned it many a time. And then we're all going in to the Palace

or dinner and then to the theater, and I'll tell you all about it between the acts. Oh, you poor dear! I ought to have come before—you've been working yourself to death!"

And by this time, resolutely pulling, she had towed the general to a chair, and into this, his favorite leather-armored, canvas-backed, hickory-framed companion of many a year, she deftly dropped him and then, giving him no chance for a word, gayly pirouetting, she seized one after another upon each member of the party present—an accomplished little mistress of ceremonies, encased in a tailor-made traveling suit that rendered her proof against a dozen minor ills, so beautifully was it cut and fitted to her pretty figure—and, with inexhaustible flow of merry words, presented her or him to the veteran in the chair.

"This, my honored general, first and foremost, is Miss Mildred Prime, daughter of a thousand earls is she, yet one vastly to be desired, though I say it who should not, for she hails from New York, which is enough to make me hate her, who we've just sworn an eternal friendship. You've only casually met her and her folks before, but I can tell you all about them. You should have put Frank at the head of your intelligence bureau, general. He'd never find out anything, but I would. We came on the same train together all the way from Ogden."

(A tall, dark-eyed, dark-haired, oval-faced girl, coloring slightly in evident embarrassment over these odd army ways, courtesied smilingly to the general and seemed to be pleading dumbly for clemency if there had been transgression.)

"This," hurried on the voluble little woman, seizing another feminine wrist, "is Miss Cherry Langton—Cherry Ripe we call her at home this summer, the dearest girl that ever lived except myself, and one you'll simply delight in as you do in me—when you get to know her. She is, as you have often been told, and have probably forgotten, the only good-looking member of Frank's family—his first cousin. She was moping her heart out after all the nice young men in Denver went to the wars, and withering on the stem until I told her she should go, too, when she blossomed and blushed with joy as you see her now, sir. Cherry, make your manners." (Cherry, whose name well described her, was only waiting for the chance, laughing the while at the merry flow of her chaperon's words, and, at the first break, stepped quickly forward and placed her hand frankly in the



"And this is Miss Amy Lawrence."

outstretched palm of her host, then glanced eagerly over her shoulder as though she would say: "But you must see her," and her bright eyes sought and found the fourth feminine member of the group.)

"And this," said Mrs. Frank Garrison, bravely, yet with a trifle less confidence of manner, with indeed a faint symptom of hesitancy, "is Miss Amy Lawrence," and in extending her little hand to take that of the most retiring of the three girls, only the finger tips and thumb seemed to touch. Miss Lawrence came quickly forward, and waiting for no description, bowed with quiet grace and dignity to the chief and, smiling a bit gravely, said:

"Uncle left word that he would soon return, general, but he has been gone with Col. Armstrong nearly an hour. I hope we have not taken too great a liberty, and her glance turned to the substantial tea service on the rude camp table.

"Oh, I'm responsible for that—and for any and every iniquity here committed, solely because I know our general too well to believe he would allow famishing damsels to faint for lack of sustenance." It was Mrs. Garrison, of course, who spoke. "I simply set Frank and his fellows to work, with the result that tea and biscuit, light and warm, mirth and merriment, faith, hope and charity sprang up like magic in this gloomy old tent, and here we are still. Now say you're glad I came, general, for these stupid boys—Oh! I quite forgot! Let me present the slaves of the lamp—the spirit lamp, general. Frank, you know—too well, I dare say. Stand forth, vassal Number Two. This, general, is Capt. Schuyler, a mite of a man physically—a Gothamite, in fact—but a tower of wit and wisdom when permitted to speak." (A diminutive youngster, with a head twice too big for his body, and a world of fun in his sparkling eyes, bowed elaborately to his commanding general, but prudently held his peace.) "Capt. Schuyler, my dear general, meekly bears the crescent of the subsistence department on his beautifully high and unquestionably New-York-made collar. He hasn't an idea on the subject of supplies except that commissary cigars are bad, but his senator said he had to have something and that's what he got. He'd rather be second lieutenant of regular infantry any day, but that was too high for him. Here's a youth it fits to a 'C'—Mr. William Gray, of the—tenth foot, whom I knew years ago when we were kids in the same camp, and whose best claim to your notice is that you knew his

father. He says so, and hopes you'll forgive all his budding iniquities on the strength of it." The general nodded with a grin at the youngster, who stood at Miss Lawrence's left, and then held up his hand for silence, shutting off further presentations.

"I'll forgive anything but more chatter," said he, with a placid smile, "provided you give me some tea at once. Then I should be glad to know how you all happened to meet here."

"My doing entirely, general. (Frank, another cup—quick.) Cherry came with me to surprise my husband—an easy thing to do—I'm always doing it. We found him here, by your orders, striving to entertain these two charming damsels—the last thing on earth he is capable of doing, however valuable he may be with orders and correspondence. I heard Mr. Prime's story and at once suggested Col. Armstrong. I heard Miss Lawrence exclaim at sight of Billy here, and saw a case of old acquaintance and sent for him forthwith—so easy to say: 'The adjutant general's compliments—I found that, after all, they had never met, but Miss Lawrence had seen him at the head of some famous student company. I was who presented him to her, and summoned Capt. Schuyler to meet once more his fellow citizens, the Primes. I was who ordered lamps, fire and the tea things. I am the good fairy who wrought the transformation. Behold me with my wand!'"

She seized Miss Langton's slender umbrella and, waving it over her curly little head, pirouetted again in triumphant gayety.

The general was thoughtfully sipping his tea and studying her as she chattered and danced. When she paused a moment for breath he again held up his hand.

"Col. Armstrong went with Mr. Prime, did he?"

"With every assurance that the prodigal should be produced forthwith and restored to the paternal bosom," declared Mrs. Garrison, melodramatically, and would have ranted on, never noting the flush of pain and embarrassment that almost instantly appeared in the faces of Miss Lawrence and her dark-eyed eastern cousin, nor seeing the warning in her husband's eyes; but at the moment the tent flap was thrown back and held open to admit a tall, gray-haired civilian whose silk hat was uplifted as he entered in courteous recognition of the group, despite the distress that was betrayed in the pallor of his face and the instant glance of his dark eyes toward the slender girl, who stepped eagerly forward. Mrs. Garrison, turning quickly, saw, and with swift, agile movement sprang to one side. The general slowly struggled up from his easy chair. Reaching her father's side Miss Prime laid her hand upon his arm, looking fondly and anxiously into his face. A soldierly, middle-aged officer, in dripping forage cap and rain coat, stepped quickly in and lowered the flap.

"Did you find him, father?" was Miss Prime's low-toned, faltering question.

"We found—the soldier referred to: Col. Armstrong has been most kind; but it wasn't your brother at all, my child."

(To Be Continued.)

MEDIEVAL MORALITY.

Instance of the Efficacy of Bribery in Obtaining Royal Favor During the Dark Ages.

Joinville, historian and statesman of the thirteenth century, in an anecdote of Saint Louis, crusader, soldier, and best and greatest, perhaps, of French kings, not only reveals the perfect frankness of Louis' character, but shows at the same time that social morality is not a modern notion but a matter of evolution.

At one time while the king was staying at Hyeres to procure horses to go to France, the abbot of Cluny, afterward bishop of Orange, made him a present of two fine palefroys, one for himself and one for the queen, Margaret of Provence. When he had given him this present he said to the king:

"Sir, I will come to-morrow to speak to you about my own affairs."

On the following day the abbot came back; the king listened to him attentively, and at great length. When the abbot had gone, a close friend and adviser of the king went to him and said:

"I beg leave to ask whether you listened more kindly to the abbot of Cluny yesterday he gave you the two palefroys yesterday?"

The king thought for a long time, and then said: "Yes, truly."

"Sir," said the king's friend, "do you know why I ask this?"

"Why?" said the king.

"Sir, it is because I would counsel you when you return to France, that you forbid all your sworn counselors to accept anything from those who have business with you, for you may be sure that if they get anything they will listen more willingly and attentively to those who give them presents, as you have done with the abbot of Cluny."

Then Louis called all his counselors and told them what his friend had said, and they were candid enough to admit that it was good advice.—Youth's Companion.

The Inspector's Mistake.

An English police inspector being informed that a hotel keeper was serving game out of season, visited the restaurant in plain clothes and ordered dinner: "Walter, partridge for me." The inspector finished his dinner leisurely, and then said to the waiter: "Ask the proprietor to step this way a minute." "What for?" "I wish to notify him to appear in court to-morrow for selling partridge out of season. I am a police officer and have secured the necessary evidence against him." Walter—"It wasn't partridge you had." Police Inspector (uneasily)—"What was it then?" Walter (cheerfully)—"Crows." The Inspector swayed.—Argosy.

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Be kind to your body. Remember it is fed not by thoughts of what you think you'll do, but by the strong volume of vital force which the heart distributes. Treat your life's blood well. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a medicinal sister of charity, and aids to keep you in good health as nothing else can.

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LANE'S Throat Candy, one of the best for sore throats, tonsillitis, public schools, etc. Send 10c to LANE MED. CO., Ottawa, Canada, for sample box.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Lesson in the International Series for
March 11, 1900—The Paralytic
Healed.

(Prepared by Hector C. Lenington.)
THE LESSON TEXT.

1. And they came unto Him, bringing one
sick of the palsy, which was borne of four.
2. And when they could not come nigh
unto Him for the press, they uncovered the
roof where He was; and when they had
broken it up, they let down the bed wherein
the sick of the palsy lay.

3. When Jesus saw their faith, He said
unto the sick of the palsy: Son, thy sins
be forgiven thee.

4. But there were certain of the scribes
sitting there, and reasoning in their hearts:
5. Why doth this man thus speak blas-
phemies? who can forgive sins but God
only?

6. And immediately when Jesus perceived
in His spirit that they so reasoned within
themselves, He said unto them: Why reason
ye these things in your hearts?

7. Whether is it easier to say to the sick
of the palsy: Thy sins be forgiven thee;
or to say: Arise, and take up thy bed, and
walk?

8. But that ye may know that the Son of
man hath power on earth to forgive sins—
He said unto the sick of the palsy: Arise,
and take up thy bed, and go thy way into
thy house.

9. And immediately he arose, took up
the bed, and went forth before them all:
insomuch that they were all amazed, and
glorified God, saying: We never saw it
on this fashion.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The Son of man hath
power on earth to forgive sins.—Mark
2:10.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.
Mark follows up the narrative of the
Lord's life without chronological inter-
ruption. Including the interval elaps-
ing between the last lesson and this,
we make this summary:

Jesus at Prayer.....Mark 1:35-39
Healing the Leper.....vs. 40-45
Jesus in Capernaum.....Mark 2:1-12
The Sick of the Palsy.....vs. 13-17
Questioning Scribes.....vs. 18-22
The Power of Jesus.....vs. 23-28

Jesus at Prayer.—We note here the
fact that Jesus prayed. Several inter-
esting questions arise in this connec-
tion. The first is regarding the need
of prayer in general. Another is: Did
Jesus, the sinless One, need to pray? And
if this is answered in the affirmative,
why? Then is suggested the very in-
teresting study of secret prayer, in "a
solitary place."

Regarding our need of prayer there
is probably very little dispute. Even
the most ungodly utter a prayer when
confronted by sudden danger, or meet
some great sorrow. It seems involun-
tary, in other words, natural. Did
Jesus need to pray? Surely He did not
depart into a solitary place alone to
pray, simply to set us an example. The
mere fact of His praying seems to in-
dicate His need of prayer. Why? Be-
cause, as we have said, it was natural.
If it is natural for us, how much more
for Him who was infinitely nearer the
Father than we. Then, too, if He were
one with the Father, as He so often said
He was, communion with God was His
very life, as it is also the being of our
spiritual life. Then, regarding secret
prayer, Jesus had spent a very busy
Sabbath, surrounded all the day by
large crowds.

Preaching Tour in Galilee.—But the
Saviour was not to be left alone long.
The people of Capernaum clamored for
Him, so His disciples came to tell Him.
But other towns and villages also
needed the Gospel. He went about
from place to place preaching and heal-
ing.

Healing the Leper.—At one of the
places where the Lord stopped to preach
a leper came to Him for healing. Jesus,
pitying him and seeing his faith, spoke
the word, and the leprosy departed and
he was cleansed. It seems from this
incident that many of Jesus' miracles
were done privately and quietly. This
healing of the leper was done so. And
Jesus charged him not to tell people
of his cure, but the man did, and we are
told that after that "Jesus could no
more openly (that is, without attract-
ing more attention than He wished)
enter into the city." Prominent people
are often unable to do much quiet good
by people who, recognizing them, claim
their entire attention. So Jesus had to
do His preaching outside the towns,
where the people came seeking Him.

Jesus in Capernaum.—After this tour
Jesus returned to His home by the lake
of Galilee. But here, as formerly, and
in the other towns "straightway many
were gathered together." And in the
house Jesus preached to them. His voice
reaching even those who crowded about
the entrance.

The Sick of the Palsy.—The presence
of Jesus brought those who needed
healing, and one sick of the palsy borne
by four of his friends. But they could
not bear him through the crowd, so
they carried him to the roof, as they
could with those oriental houses, and
through the opening lowered him into
the house right before Jesus. The Jews
believed all bodily suffering came be-
cause of sin. So Jesus said: "Son, thy
sins be forgiven thee."

Questioning Scribes.—The scribes,
learned in the law, were quick to seize
upon this. God alone could forgive
sins.

The Power of Jesus.—Jesus' answer
was direct and to the point. He had
before healed in a miraculous way dif-
ferent diseases. Only the power of God
could do that. Was that, then, less
wonderful than to go to what they be-
lieved to be the root of the trouble, and
say the sin was forgiven. Herein was
the power of Jesus shown that He could
heal the infirmities of both body and
soul.

AFTERTHOUGHTS.
Secret prayer and meditation is the
life of the soul.

Much of the good in this life is done
in a quiet, unpretentious manner.

If one way is blocked, try another.

Sin is the disease of the soul which
Jesus came into the world to heal.

The scribes were learned in the law,
but there were some things they and
yet to learn.

The power of Jesus is shown in the
world to-day by redeemed lives, and a
higher order of morality and civiliza-
tion.

IT WAS CRUEL

A Smart Young Man, a Timid Maiden
and a Cute Little
Box.

She was really very timid.
And she was quite sure it would not hurt
her.

It was so annoying to be suddenly fright-
ened.

A dead open and shut brace game of se-
curity from harm?

How nice! No, she did not understand
exactly, but as he had never, never seen
a real live, red bat, she might take just
one peep, just a peep, into the cute little
box he had in his hand.

Would the bat really wink its twinkling,
batty, heady bugles at her, and squeak
a little squeak squirt of a squeak! How funny
he was.

Mercy! Don't open the box yet.
Give her time to prepare herself.

He could hold her hand as an assur-
ance of his presence, and support, if neces-
sary.

No squeezing, though.

Now, open the lid so carefully that the
bat cannot fly out, and tear her fluffy
fluffets.

And she was sold as a Greek slave by a
bracket place of the streets of Cairo by a
bracket place.—Washington Star.

CELESTIAL CHAFF.

The Pointed Retort of a Small But
Smart Mongolian to an Amer-
ican Schoolmate.

The young daughter of a former Philadel-
phian is a schoolmate of little Wu, the
son of the Chinese ambassador at Washing-
ton. During a recent visit here she often
talked about the little celestial, and told
tales about him that seemed to indicate that
little Wu at times gets his Christian
schoolmates. "He is awfully cute," she
said, "and speaks very correct English.
He's just my age, yet he's ahead of me.
He can beat me at chess, he says, is much.
That is young mice, dipped in honey and
swallowed raw. A horrible thing, isn't it?
Liu Wu says that mice aren't half so
squashy and slimy as raw oysters. His
mother's feet are so tiny that she can hardly
walk at all. She is pushed about in a
wheeled chair. I asked Wu once if he didn't
think it was cruel to torture the Chinese
ladies' feet like that. He said: 'Virginia,
my papa says that whenever any person asks
me that question I must make the follow-
ing reply: "It is not more cruel than for
American ladies to torture their waists in
steel corsets until their noses are beet red
and their shapes like an hour glass." Then
he gave a loud laugh and walked away with
his little hands in the pockets of his baggy
brocade trousers. He looks awfully grave
and funny."—Philadelphia Press.

TO MEET STEAMSHIPS.

A New Service by the New York Central
Railroad.

George H. Daniels, general passenger
agent of the New York Central and Hud-
son River Railroad, has added a steamship
bureau to the equipment of the passen-
ger service of the road. He has engaged
Capt. Ingwersen and P. A. G. G.
Ingwersen to superintend the bureau, and
one of their duties will be to meet all incoming
trans-Atlantic and the principal coastwise
steamships to assist passengers who wish
to leave the city via the Vanderbilt system.
Capt. Ingwersen will have charge of the
American, Canadian, White Star, Atlantic
Transport, Wilson, Anchor and Allan State
lines, and Capt. Schuitze has been assigned
to the North-German Lloyd, Hamburg-
American, French, Rotterdam, Red Star
and other lines.

They will meet all incoming steamships,
and will be prepared to furnish railway
tickets, parlor and sleeping car accommo-
dations and to assist passengers with their
luggage and check it to points on the line
of the railroad, after it has been passed
by the customs inspectors. They will also
furnish passengers with cabs operated by the
railroad company, and furnish time tables
and general information to passengers. The
two men have also been directed to assist
passengers who come to this city with a
view of going abroad, and such passengers
will be met at the Grand Central Station
on incoming trains and conducted to the
steamship. Their baggage will be attended
to, and steamship tickets can be procured
in advance by communicating with Mr.
Daniels.—From the New York Commercial
Advertiser.

Hard on the Doorkeeper.
On the opening day of the session of the
Fifty-sixth congress, a tall, gaunt, man,
sharp-featured, with "high-water" trousers,
a slouch hat mashed in any old way, and
an overcoat that needed brushing, pre-
sented himself at the center door of the
house of representatives. He started to
walk right in, but was stopped by one of the
doorkeepers, who said to him, testily: "Say,
don't you know you can't go in there?" "No,
I didn't know it, my friend; I thought I
could," he said, mildly. "Well, I'm a mem-
ber allowed in to-day." "Well, I'm a mem-
ber," Congressmen Cushman, of Washing-
ton, said. "Oh! I beg your pardon; walk right
in." As Mr. Cushman strode into the hall
the astonished doorkeeper looked after him
for a moment, and then, turning to his as-
sistant on the door, said: "Say, Bill, did
you see that? Well, after that I ain't got
the nerve to stop anything."—Critic.

"Yes, he brought out his history of the
recent local private circulation." "Indeed,
that's strange." "I don't think so. Every
private in the regiment bought a copy."—
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, March 2.		
LIVE STOCK—Cattle, com	3.50	4.15
Select butchers	4.75	4.85
CALVES—Extra	7.50	7.75
HOGS—Select packers	4.75	5.00
Mixed packers	4.85	4.95
Light shippers	4.65	4.90
SHEEP—Choice	5.75	6.00
LAMBS—Extra	7.20	7.35
LAUREL—Spring patent	3.70	3.95
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	62	72 1/2
No. 3 red	57	67
Corn—No. 2 mixed	36	36 1/2
Oats—No. 2 mixed	25	25 1/2
Rye—No. 2	61	61
HAY—Choice timothy	13.75	14.00
PROVISIONS—Mess pork	10.75	11.00
Lard	10.75	11.00
BUTTER—Choice dairy	15 1/2	16 1/2
Choice creamery	3.00	3.25
APPLES—Choice to fancy	3.00	3.25
POTATOES—Per brl	1.05	1.25
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—Wheat patent	3.50	3.70
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	62	68 1/2
No. 3 Chicago spring	61	65
Corn—No. 2	35	35 1/2
Oats—No. 2	23	23 1/2
Rye—No. 2	61	65 1/2
PORK—Mess	9.50	10.00
LARD—Steam	5.00	5.75 1/2
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—Wheat patent	3.60	3.85
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	62	72 1/2
Corn—No. 2	35	35 1/2
Oats—No. 2 mixed	25	25 1/2
Rye—No. 2	61	61
PORK—Mess	9.50	10.00
LARD—Steam	5.00	5.75 1/2
BALTIMORE.		
FLOUR—Family	3.20	3.50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	62	68 1/2
Southern	65	71 1/2
Corn—No. 2	35	35 1/2
Oats—No. 2 mixed	25	25 1/2
Rye—No. 2	61	61
CATTLE—First quality	5.10	5.40
HOGS—Western	5.50	5.60
INDIANAPOLIS.		
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	62	68 1/2
Oats—No. 2 mixed	25	25 1/2
LOUISVILLE.		
FLOUR—Wheat patent	3.45	3.75
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	62	72 1/2
Corn—Mixed	35	35 1/2
Oats—No. 2	25	25 1/2
PORK—Mess	9.50	10.00
LARD—Steam	5.00	5.75 1/2

For Wireless Stealing.

An English invention for steering any craft,
whether submerged or otherwise, by means
of an ether wave on the wireless telegraph
principle has been perfected. In naval war it
is expected to make the torpedo boat al-
most infallible. In this respect it will equal
the most American dyspepsia cure—Hostet-
ter's Stomach Bitters—which never fails to
cure constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia,
biliousness, malaria fever and ague. Every-
one needs it and all druggists sell it.

He Fell into the Trap.

Wife—Did you mail that letter I gave you
this morning?
Husband—Of course, I did.
"How provoking! I wanted to add a post-
script."
(Producing the letter)—"Well, here it is.
Why didn't you tell me that in the first
place?"—Chicago Evening News.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot
reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a
blood or constitutional disease, and in order
to cure it you must take internal remedies.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and
acts directly on the blood and mucous sur-
faces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick
medicine. It was prescribed by one of the
best physicians in this country for years, and
is a regular prescription. It is composed of
the best tonics known, combined with the
best blood purifiers, acting directly on the
mucous surfaces. The perfect combination
of the two ingredients is what produces such
wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send
for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills, 50 cents.

Suggested by the L.

Teacher—Now, Johnny, you know the
eagle stands for America. What animal
typifies Great Britain?
Johnny—I dunno.
"Oh, yes you do. Think for a moment;
it begins with L."
(Largely)—"Lobster!"—Catholic Stand-
ard Times.

An All-Year Resort.

The Crescent Hotel, Eureka Springs, Ark.,
opens March 1, 1900. A most desirable, at-
tractive and convenient resort for health
and pleasure seekers. Ideal climate, pure
sparkling water, best accommodations.
Through Sleepers via Frisco Line. Write
for particulars to Manager Hotel or to any
representative of Frisco Line.

At the Front.

He was a newspaper man. "Late war news
kept me downtown," he stammered, as he
entered the house at 5:30 a. m.
"Humph!" replied his wife. "Well, we'll
make a little more war news right here for
a late edition." And the battle was on.—
Philadelphia North American.

Potatoes, \$1.20 per Bbl. and Up.
Salzer beats the world on prices. Largest
growers of Barnum Vegetable Seeds and
Potatoes on earth! Millions of pounds of
Onion seed, Cabbage, Radish, Peas, Beans,
Corn, Potatoes, etc! Prices dirt cheap!
Send this notice and 5c. for catalog. John
A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. [E]

Points to the New Man.

A shopkeeper named Danger moved across
a street and put up this notice:
"J. Danger, from over the way."
Another man, who took the premises, put
up this notice:
"This is a safe shop; no Danger here."—
Answers.

The Best Prescription for Chills
and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS
CHILL TONIC. Its simple iron and quinine
in tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.
You can't tell how strong affection is by
its signs.—Chicago Dispatch.

NONE SUCH

Nothing hobbles the muscles
and units for work like

SORENESS
and
STIFFNESS

Nothing relaxes them and makes
a speedy perfect cure like

St. Jacobs Oil

LABASTINE is the original
and only durable wall coating,
entirely different from all kal-
sominas. Ready for use in
white or fourteen beautiful
tints by adding cold water.

ADIES naturally prefer AL-
BASTINE for walls and cell-
ings, because it is pure, clean,
durable. Put up in dry pow-
dered form, in five-pound pack-
ages, with full directions.

LL kalsominas are cheap, tem-
porary preparations made from
whiting, chalks, clays, etc.,
and stuck on walls with de-
stroying animal glue. ALABAS-
TINE is not a kalsomine.

EWARE of the dealer who
says he can sell you the "same
thing" as ALABASTINE or
"kalsomine" just as good. It
is either not posted or is try-
ing to deceive you.

ND IN OFFERING something
he has bought cheap, and tries
to sell it at a profit. Insist on
brands, he may not realize the
damage you will suffer by a
kalsomine on your walls.

ENSURE dealers will not buy
a kalsomine. Dealers risk one by
selling and consumers by using
inferior. Alabastine Co.
own right to make wall coat-
ing to mix with cold water.

HE INTERIOR WALLS of
every church and school should
be coated only with pure, dur-
able ALABASTINE. It safe-
guards health. Hundreds of
tons used yearly for this work.

N BUYING ALABASTINE,
customers should avoid get-
ting cheap kalsominas under
different names. Insist on
having our goods in packages
and properly labeled.

UISANCE of wall paper is ob-
viated by ALABASTINE. It
can be used on plastered walls,
wood ceilings, brick or can-
vas. A child can brush it on.
It does not rub or scale off.

STABLISHED in favor. Shun
all imitations. Ask for
or druggist for tint card.
Write us for interesting book-
let, free. ALABASTINE CO.,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write to-day to Allen B. Olmsted, Leroy,
N. Y., for a FREE sample of Allen's Foot-
Ease, a powder to shake into your shoes. It
cures chubbiness, sweating, damp, swollen,
aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes
easy. A certain cure for Corns and Bun-
ions. All druggists and shoe stores sell it. 5c.

Grovells (angrily)—"You know that a
fool can ask questions that a wise man can't
answer, don't you?" Howells—"I've heard
so, but I never knew it until now."—Boston
Traveler.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All
druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 50c.

What the public call a failure is often
simply an unrecognized success.—Town
Topics.

Dyeing is as simple as washing when you
use PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold
by all druggists.

One vice gathers others like a rolling
snowball.—Aitchison Globe.

I could not get along without Piso's Cure
for Consumption. It always cures.—Mrs.
E. C. Moulton, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, '94.

"First come first served" isn't saying how
well.—Chicago Dispatch.

Woman's Kidney Troubles

Why trifle with health
when the easiest and
surest help is the best
known medicine in the
world?

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Is known everywhere and
thousands of women have
been cured of serious kid-
ney derangements by it.

Mrs. Pinkham's meth-
ods have the endorse-
ment of the mayor, the
postmaster and others of
her own city.

Her medicine has the
endorsement of an un-
numbered multitude of
grateful women whose
letters are constantly
printed in this paper.
Every woman should read
these letters.

Mrs. Pinkham advises
suffering women free of
charge. Her address is
Lynn, Mass.

FOR 50 CENTS we will send you
our FRODOG POK-
TAIN SYRINGE, fitted with a full length
STAINLESS-PLATED VALVE & THREE
syringes, hard rubber plunger for UTERA,
ADULTS, RECTAL and VAGINAL.
Also, a new and improved self-
expanding airtight joint, guaran-
teed not to leak or wear. All
carefully packed in a straw-
board, paper-covered box.
Our Spring Catalogue of
100 illustrated pages will be
sent prepaid on receipt of 15 cents, which part of
the express charges, and will be refunded on receipt
of your first order. This catalogue quotes wholesale
prices on EVERYTHING from FUR, WEAR and USE.
Established
JOHN M. SMITH COMPANY,
150-160 W. Madison St.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

READERS OF THIS PAPER
DESIRING TO BUY ANYTHING
ADVERTISED IN ITS COLUMNS
SHOULD INSIST UPON HAVING
WHAT THEY ASK FOR, REFUSING
ALL SUBSTITUTES OR IMITATIONS.

A valuable book for prac-
tical flower and vegetable
growers. Free for the asking.
Address A. N. K. E. 1802
Northfield, Mass.

FOR 14 CENTS
We wish to gain this year 200,000
new customers, and hence offer
1 Pkg. City Garden Seed, 1c.
1 Pkg. Early Emerald Cucumber, 1c.
1 Pkg. La Grasse Market Lettuce, 1c.
1 Pkg. Strawberry Melon, 1c.
1 Pkg. 11 Day Radish, 1c.
1 Pkg. Early Ripe Cabbage, 1c.
1 Pkg. Early Diver Onion, 1c.
1 Pkg. Brilliant Flower Seeds, 1c.
Worth \$1.50, for 14 cents. \$1.00
Above 10 Pkgs. worth \$1.00, we will
mail you free, together with our
great Catalogue, 10c. each, and 1c. each
SALEZ'S MILLION DOLLAR POTATO
upon receipt of the notice & 14c.
stamp. We invite you to order, and
know when you once try Salzer's
seeds you will never do without.
Send 14c. to Salzer's 1900—rar-
est earliest Fumbo Giant on earth.—
JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WIS.

FOR 50 CENTS we will send you
our FRODOG POK-
TAIN SYRINGE, fitted with a full length
STAINLESS-PLATED VALVE & THREE
syringes, hard rubber plunger for UTERA,
ADULTS, RECTAL and VAGINAL.
Also, a new and improved self-
expanding airtight joint, guaran-
teed not to leak or wear. All
carefully packed in a straw-
board, paper-covered box.
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1 Pkg. Early Ripe Cabbage, 1c.
1 Pkg. Early Diver Onion, 1c.
1 Pkg. Brilliant Flower Seeds, 1c.
Worth \$1.50, for 14 cents. \$1.00
Above 10 Pkgs. worth \$1.00, we will
mail you free, together with our
great Catalogue, 10c. each, and 1c. each
SALEZ'S MILLION DOLLAR POTATO
upon receipt of the notice & 14c.
stamp. We invite you to order, and
know when you once try Salzer's
seeds you will never do without.
Send 14c. to Salzer's 190

The Counties.

Madison County.

West Union.

J. E. Parsons is visiting relatives in Jackson County.

C. C. Blanton has built an addition to his dwelling.

Rev. J. G. Parson has returned from the mountains, where he has been preaching for more than a week.

D. C. Alcorn has gone to Drip Rock to superintend the building of a dam in South Fork creek. Capt. J. M. Thomas is having the work done.

W. C. Parsons has bought eight acres of land joining what he already owned. He is buying lumber to put up a dwelling. There must be something in this girls.

Dreyfus.

One case of smallpox is reported here.

Mrs. Emily Pennington is ill at her home.

Myrtle, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Barnes, is very ill.

J. S. Ogg sold to James Combs ten head of hogs at \$3.75 per hundred.

Mrs. W. T. Rose is dangerously ill with consumption, and her recovery is doubtful.

O. D. Barnes, who for the past six months has been in Oakdale, is now at home with his family.

Miss Rhoda Pennington left last week for a two month's stay with her sister, Mrs. Cora Todd, at Panola.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Hudson, and little daughter Dora, spent Saturday and Sunday with J. S. Ogg and Miss Rosa Patten and Alfred Adams will leave this week for Nebraska, where they will make their future home.

Jackson County.

Evergreen.

Franklin Marcum has a new supply of goods.

Minnie Lake is preparing for school next term.

Charles J. Lake is crippled up with rheumatism.

Mrs. Polly Rose is visiting Mrs. Thomas Hillard this week.

William Coffee, of Rockcastle, is going to work for Mr. Amyx this summer.

Our county judge, T. J. Coyle is making the boys stand around and watch their places.

Waneta.

The people of Birch Lick are proud of a new post-office.

James Gilbert has a fine supply of goods on hand now.

Miss Amy Sone was the guest of her sister, February 22nd.

Mr. James Harrison and Miss May Rose were married February 22nd.

Floyd Kidd, of Berea, passed through here for McKee last week on business.

The Slone boys, of Birch Lick, have accepted a job of stove-making on Hooting Creek for Capt. Smith.

Green Hall.

R. P. Holcomb has gone to Manchester on business.

Rev. Black preached to a small audience at Hickory Flat Sunday.

Mrs. William Venable has a very sick child. It is not expected to live.

Revs. Cannon and Black closed a two week's meeting at Travellers Rest.

Miss Mary Minter is spending a few days with her aunt, Mrs. J. B. Minter.

Married, February 8th, Mr. W. S. Wilson to Miss Lillie Moore, and on the 15th Mr. John H. Tackett to Miss Cynthia Smith, and Wm. Peters to Miss Sarah Smith. I don't wonder at us having so much snow and cold weather after so many weddings. I hope the rest of the girls and boys will wait till summer before they get married.

Clover Bottom.

Robert Dougherty is suffering from vaccination.

Lloyd Click is visiting at Isaac Deans.

Judge and Mrs. Coyle went to Berea Wednesday.

Dr. C. B. Dougherty left last week for Shawnee, Kansas.

Green Durham has returned from Berea and reported a nice time.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Durham visited their son John this week.

Frank Garret has just returned from his father's and says his brother John is no better.

The small child of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Williams died Thursday night of measles and whooping-cough. Also Mr. and Mrs. Pastine Hoskins' baby died of whooping-cough. The parents have the sympathy of the entire community.

McKee.

County Attorney and Mrs. D. G. Collier have returned from a week's visit relatives at with Welchburg.

John D. Hays and W. R. Engle have just returned from Gray Hawk, where they enjoyed a few days hunt during the recent snows.

M. A. Holcomb, of this place, who is now employed as President of the new College at Burning Springs, was in town during the week.

James Cloyd, of McWhorter, who has been teaching school at Egypt, this county, this winter, was in town Wednesday and Thursday.

Lawyer A. W. Baker has been at London attending the Laurel Circuit Court for the past three weeks. Mr. Baker is expected home within the next two or three days.

J. R. Llewellyn, our new lawyer from Mt. Vernon, who lately located here, is preparing to build a residence on the lot which he recently purchased of Isaac Hays.

Prof. R. M. Bradshaw, our County Superintendent has announced his board of examiners for the ensuing year. They are James Morris, of Middle Fork and Lee J. Webb, of Annuville. No better selection could have been made.

W. F. Welch, son of S. E. Welch Sr., of this place, who is now in business in Cincinnati, is to come here soon and engage in the mercantile business with his father. Mr. Welch is a clever business man, and his old friends and neighbors will gladly welcome him back among us.

W. T. Amyx, formerly of this county, but recently of Crockettville, Ky., who has been temporarily located here since January 1, has decided to make this place his permanent location, and will move his family here in a few days. He has rented the property of M. A. Holcomb, where he will reside and keep his office. Amyx is a good doctor and we are glad to have him with us.

Owsley County.

Gabbard.

A. J. Edwards, of Manchester, is visiting relatives near here.

We are indeed glad to learn that there is no smallpox at Berea.

Several of the boys, who went down the river, have returned home.

Wm. Duff and Wm. States went to Perry county Saturday on business.

James Duff, of Perry county, is visiting friends and relatives at this place.

Your correspondent hopes that his friends will subscribe for the CITIZEN, so they can get the news.

Messrs. C. B. and C. H. Moore and Edward Eversole have returned home from Berea, where they have been attending school this winter.

W. T. Isaacs and Irvine Roberts, of Jackson county, were here last week buying cattle, they left for Buffalo and other parts of the county.

Buck Creek.

Born, to the wife of John McPherson, a fine girl.

Robert Brandenburg, of Lee county, is visiting relatives on Buck Creek this week.

Sam Mayse and Fayette Neeley went to Island Creek last week, on business.

Prof. R. L. Brandenburg, of Burning Springs College, passed through here to day, on his way home, near Booneville, for a short visit.

Aunt Mollie Grass, the oldest lady in the county, who is said to be nearing the century mark, and who was paralyzed about a year ago, is now at her son's-in-law, Steve Guin's, is not expected to survive long.

W. T. Peters, of Sturgeon, died on the 18th of February, aged 74 years. Uncle Bill, as he was familiarly called, was a man that stood high in the community, beloved by all who knew him. He leaves a wife and several children, who are all grown, and several grandchildren and a host of friends.

Sturgeon.

Elias Adison's wife is quite sick of pneumonia.

Corn is quite scarce in this neighborhood and going at 60 cents.

Thomas Wilson has just returned from Berea where he has been on a visit for a few days.

E. M. Spence has sold his farm to Thomas Wilson for \$350.00. Mr. Wilson has certainly made a good bargain.

The remains of Elijah Brewer, who was drowned in Big Sturgeon, while running a raft out a few days ago, have not yet been recovered, though his friends have made diligent search ever since.

W. J. Peters, of this place, who has been very sick of rheumatism for a long time, passed away last Sunday night and was buried near his home in the old family grave-yard. He leaves many friends behind, who fully sympathize with his bereaved family.

All the schools of Owsley county have closed for this year. The schools seem to have made good improvements over any preceding year and the teachers are striving to better qualify themselves for the coming year. There seems to be more harmony than usual in the districts and we hope this good work will go on.

Eversole.

C. H. Moore, a former student of Berea College, is sick.

A. Eversole, our clever merchant, has a new stock of goods on hand.

W. W. Duff and Wm. States have gone to Perry county on business.

Albert Gabbard, who has been sick, is still very low, but is convalescent.

W. W. Duff has just returned from down the river and reports that timber selling well.

Pierce Moore and your correspondent went to Wolf Creek last Thursday on business.

Alfred and Wm. State have purchased a team of mules from W. H. Duff and are now hauling logs.

W. B. Gabbard, ex-Judge of Owsley county, has obtained license to practice law in this and other counties.

Jacob Gabbard, the oldest man in Owsley county, is failing in health. He is now 87 years old, but is blessed with a good memory.

Running saw-logs to the market is the principle work of the people of this vicinity. Among the unlucky ones was Price Moore who undertook the trip on the tide found that his werman was not sufficient and the result was he lost all of his logs and came near being drowned.

Clay County.

Burning Springs.

Sam Wolf was here to-day on a visit.

Miss Anna Brown was in town Monday.

J. D. Rawlings, who has been sick, is improving.

Charlie Parker and J. Hundley were here Monday on business.

Bob Murray visited his sister, Mrs. McCollum, of this place, last Sunday.

The infant child of George Lucas, which has been very sick, is improving.

Mr. Cress, of Choice, is building at this place. He intends to keep his children in school.

Landen Holcomb and Mr. Pennington are the guests of M. A. Holcomb and wife this week.

Miss Daisy Parker has returned to Burning Springs after a visit to her home on Sexton's Creek.

The Appalachian and the Crescent Literary Societies had a joint session the 22nd of February, to celebrate Washington's birthday. They had a pleasant time, and were complimented by all the people.

Have you a cough? A dose of COUSSEN'S HONEY OF TAR will relieve it. Price, 25 cents and 50 cents. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Washington County.

Springfield.

Mrs. M. V. Duff is in Louisville this week.

There are plenty of visitors in town every day, as court is going on now.

Mr. Singleton E. Davidson and Miss Eliza E. Simms spent last Sunday in Lebanon.

O. G. Duff attended the exhibition given by Miss Nettie Cassell in Bloomfield last week.

Rev. Lynch returned to Belltown last Saturday, accompanied by Elder McCoy as far as Lebanon.

Mrs. Jennie Lewis and Miss F. L. West are here attending school, preparing for the teacher's examination.

Rev. McCoy has gone to Bardstown to attend the reception given in honor of the Douglas-Givens wedding.

Mrs. Mary Davidson has been on the sick list; those ill are Messdames John Keene and James Key and Miss Mary Goatley.

Miss Theresa Lancaster, who had been ill for some time at her home, died and was buried from St. Dominic's Church last Tuesday.

You can be cheerful and happy only when you are well. If you feel "out of sorts" take HERBINE, it will brace you up. Price, 50 cents. S. E. Welch, Jr.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

THE HOME.

Edited by Mrs. KATE U. PUTNAM, teacher in Berea College.

Hints on Entertaining.

(Continued from last week.)

You will be surprised to see how much like real lettuce the paper leaves will look, and you will enjoy the astonishment of your guest if it happens to be a novelty.

The salad afforded us a great deal of amusement, for some of the best informed of those present could not remember the author of the simplest quotation, and several of the mistakes were ludicrous in the extreme.

One gentleman was sure he could find "God tempests the wind to the shorn lamb," in the Bible, and a lady thought that "Marian Harland must have written "Civilized man cannot live without cooks."

This part of the entertainment was highly instructive. Few of us were aware that Cicero said, "Better late than never," or that "Keep up your spirits" was written by Herodotus, and who would ever suspect Aristotle of saying, "Beauty is worth more to a woman than all the letters of recommendation that ever were written?"

All were sorry when the last quotation had been read, so interested had we become, and when we saw that our hostess had something more in store for us, every one was curious to know what it could be.

Each guest was handed a card, having simply a number at the top, and was requested to write some quotation upon it. These were collected, shuffled thoroughly, and placed in a small, fancy basket.

More blank cards were given us, on which we were to write the name of an author, or any well-known person. These were collected, as before, and deposited in another little basket.

Then each one drew first a quotation, then an author's name and read the two. Of course they did not belong together, and you can imagine the result. That grave writer, Thomas Carlyle, was made to say: "Little Jack Horner sat in a corner, eating a Christmas pie."

To be sure, this series of quotations was amusing rather than instructive, but it was certainly enjoyed by all. This finished the program of entertainment. Before we realized it the time had arrived for our departure. As we took leave of our hostess, she must have felt more than pleased at the hearty manner in which the guests expressed their appreciation of her effort, and the congratulations which she received upon its success.

To Booker Washington.

Beside our way the streams are dried,
And famine mutes us side by side.
Discouraged and reproachful eyes
Seek once again, the frowning skies.
Yet shall there come, 'spite storm and shock
A Moses who shall smite the rock,
Call manna from the Giver's hand,
And lead us to the promised land!"

—PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

Much pain and uneasiness is caused by piles, sparing neither age nor sex. TABLER'S BUCKEYE PILE OINTMENT cures the most obstinate cases. Price, 50 cts. in bottle, tubes 75c. S. E. Welch, Jr.

THE SCHOOL.

Edited by Mrs. ELIZA H. YOCUM, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

Once more we give a poem from Alice Cary:

A Sermon.

Don't ever go a hunting for pleasures
They cannot be found thus I know;
Nor yet fall a-digging for treasures,
Unless with the spade and the hoe!

The bee has to work for the honey,
The drone has no right to the food,
And he who has not earned his money
Will get out of his money no good.

The ant builds her house with her labor,
The squirrel looks out for his mast,
And he who depends on his neighbor
Will never have friends, first or last.

In short, 'tis no better than thieving,
Though *thief* is a harsh name to call;
Good things to be always receiving
And never to give back at all.

And do not put off till to-morrow
The thing that you ought to do now,
But first set the share in the furrow,
And then set your hand to the plow.

The time is too short to be waiting,
The day maketh haste to the night,
And its just as hard work to be hating
Your work as to do it right.

Know this, too, before you are older,
And all the fresh morning is gone,
Who puts to the world's wheel a shoulder
Is he that will move the world on!

Don't weary out will with delaying,
And when you are crowded, don't stop,
Believe me, there's truth in the saying,
"There always is room at the top."

To conscience be true, and to man true
Keep faith, hope, and love in your breast,
And when you have done all you can do,
Why, then you may trust for the rest.

Alice and Phoebe Cary are not so well known as they deserve. They are not great poets, but their spirits are so pure and sweet, their tone so hopeful their message so practical and inspiring that I wish our boys and girls would memorize more of the poems entire, and many gems whose genuineness would brighten the days for us.

Here are a few worth knowing:

"Not what we think, but what we do,
Makes saints of us."

(using)
"The gifts that we have, heaven lends for right
And not for ignoring, and not for abusing."

"For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortunes or birth."

"We cannot make bargains for blisses
Nor catch them like fishes, in nets,
And sometimes the thing our life misses
Helps more than the thing that it gets."

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